

7/6
P O O R V U L C A N ,

A. J. Deben

B U R L E T T A ,

I N

T W O A C T S ,

As performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

D U B L I N :

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

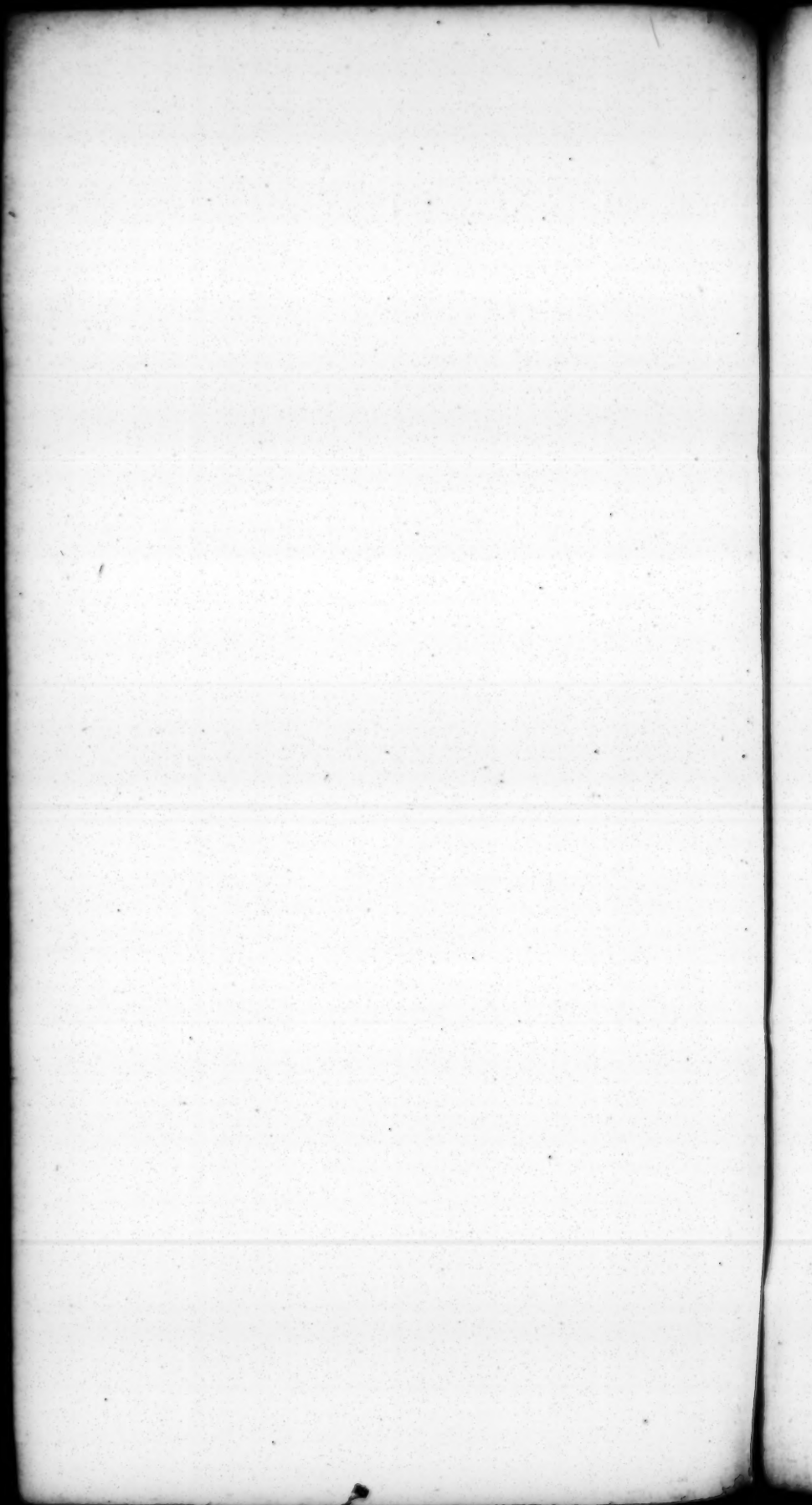
M E N.

		LONDON.	DUBLIN.
<i>Vulcan,</i>	<i>Crump,</i>	Mr. Quick.	Mr. Cornelys.
<i>Jupiter,</i>	<i>Stud,</i>	Mr. Mattocks.	Mr. Bowles.
<i>Apollo,</i>	<i>Wiseman,</i>	Mr. Robson.	Mr. Townsend.
<i>Mars,</i>	<i>Pike,</i>	Mr. Reinhold.	Mr. Glenville.
<i>Bacchus,</i>	<i>Gauge,</i>	Mr. Fox.	Mr. Barnshaw.
<i>Adonis,</i>	<i>Joe,</i>	Mr. Leoni.	Mr. Johnston.
<i>Mercury,</i>	<i>Drub,</i>	Mr. Mahon.	Mr. Reily.

W O M E N.

<i>Venus,</i>	<i>Maudlin,</i>	Miss Brown.	Mrs. Johnston.
<i>Grace,</i>		Miss Dayes.	Mrs. Thompson.

Huntsmen, Soldiers, Mob, &c.



POOR VULCAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Saloon supported by Clouds, with a Table, Bottles, Glasses, Bowls, &c. where Bacchus, Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, and Mercury, are sitting, singing Catches and Glee.

C A T C - H.

JJOIN your right hands, to your glasses, boys,
And let the bowl go round.

Fill a bumper—higher,
Steady, steady,
Let mirth abound.

Charge your glasses—poise,
Recover! make ready!
Present! fire!

R E C I T A T I V E.

J U P I T E R.

Bravo, my boys! bravo! bravissimo!
Charming! delightful! exquisitissimo!
Apollo, boy, tip us your manus;
How went our fortes and pianos?

A P O L L O.

All right; but, I say, bully Hector,
Why don't you push about the nectar?

BACCHUS.

That's right, my worthies, charge your glasses;
Come, give us one of your absent lasses.

[To Mars.

MARS.

Here's Venus,

JUPITER.

—Zounds, that's á-propos,
'The strangest thing's fallen out: d'ye know
Vulcan's gone mad—

MERCURY.

—That's no great wonder.

JUPITER.

'Tis true, or may I never thunder:
Horn mad!

MARS.

—The fool!

MERCURY.

—Oh, dear, Oh, dear!

APOLLO.

Tell us the story.

JUPITER.

—You shall hear.

[Takes a petition from his pocket.

A I R.

'The humble prayer and petition
Of Vulcan, who his sad condition,
In hopes of satisfaction meeting,
'To the God Jupiter sends greeting.

'That your petitioner has a wife,
The plague and torment of his life;
'That prudent, kind, and constant wishing her,
Humbly sets forth your said petitioner,

That

That might they but reside on earth,
The many ills that hence have birth,
Would then subside, and Mars, Adonis,
And divers others of her cronies,
At distance, all his cares might end,
And she his wife, take up and mend :
To this request don't say him nay,
And your petitioner shall ever pray.

R E C I T A T I V E.

M A R S.

And have you your permission given ?

J U P I T E R.

Yes, yes, they're bundled out of heaven ;
The Cyclops—he—one of the graces,
And she, in a stage-cloud, took places ;
Which Diligence soon set them down
Hard by an English country town,
I took a twinkle through the ether,
And saw them settled all together.

A C C O M P A N I E D.

Vulcan no more ; but, goodman Crump—
Here, you behold his anvil thump ;
While Venus, where good souls carouse,
Hight Maudlin, keeps a public house.

R E C I T A T I V E.

M A R S.

Zounds ! to what end ?

J U P I T E R.

—Good bully Mars,
To furnish subject for a farce.
Suppose to earth we make descent,
And plague them for their discontent ;
Some mortal shape let each assume,

M A R S.

MARS.

I'll be a Sergeant with my drum.

BACCHUS.

I, an Exciseman.

JUPITER.

A country 'Squire, the stag I'll follow,
And echo rouze with whoop and hollow ;
'Thus Vulcan all his pranks we'll tell of,
And make the *black* know when he's well off ;
But first let's roar another chorus,
And drain the nectar that's before us.

G L E E.

Those mortals say right, in their jovial abodes,
That a glass of good punch is the drink of the gods.
Take only a smack of
The nectar we crack of
You'll find it is punch and no more ;
The ingredients they mingle,
Are contraries single,
So are ours, they're the elements four.
'Then, Bacchus, for thou art the drunkard's protector,
Issue instant a fiat,
And let who dare deny it,
That nectar's good punch, and that good punch is
nectar. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, II.

The Skirts of a Country Town ; on one Side a Blacksmith's Shop ; on the other, a Public House, the sign of the Horns. Crump and his Men are at Work. Huntsmen behind.

CHORUS AND AIR.

Blackf. Strike, strike, ton, ton, ton, ron.
Huntf. Sound, found, tan, ran, ran, tan.
Blackf. Let the hammer resound,
While we take the stroke round,

Ton,

Ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton.

Hunts. Let echo resound

The cry of each hound,

And the horn reply, ta ran, ran ton.

Crump. Here, Maudlin, Grace, plague take you all,
Till I am hoarse you make me bawl.

Enter Grace.

Grace. Lord, Sir, you rouse us all so soon—

Crump. You baggage would you lie 'till noon?

Come, come, bestir you—light the fire,

'Tis late in the morn,

And the merry horn,

Says we may soon expect the 'Squire.

[*Crump goes to the Shop, and Grace to the House.*]

Cho. Strike, strike, &c.

Re-enter Grace.

Crump. Grace, is your mistress yet come down;

Tell her I'm going up the town,

But want to see her first—

Grace. —I go, Sir.

[*A flute heard behind.*]

Crump. Hey-day, what piping's that?

Grace. —'Tis Joe, Sir;

The shepherd Joe, who lives just here,

He plays so charmingly, Oh, dear!

Not better, Sir, pip'd Mercury,

When one of the sister-graces, I

On Ida with the laughing loves—

Crump. Peace, jade, and fetch my hat and gloves.

Cho. Strike, strike, &c.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

CRUMP.

Here, take these shoes to farmer Swine,

I've heard the folks laugh at that sign;

And one cried boo: another chuckled,

That's sure the house of some old cuckold.

George,

George, go mend farmer Hedgestake's plough ;
 I dream'd last night, that on my brow,
 Large horns grew out ; and then to-day,
 Scarce to the door I'd found my way ;
 But perch'd upon that tree, my bane,
 The cuckoo—Zounds ! he's there again.

A I R.

'Tell me, am I laugh'd to scorn?
 Have I on each brow a horn ?
 This I suspect, and if 'tis true,
 Quickly answer me—Cuckoo !
 I have my cue,
 Alas ! 'tis true,
 Hark, she answers me Cuckoo.

II.

'That answer's yes, the murder's out.
 At least I shall no longer doubt ;
 But tell me, if to one or two,
 Or more I am oblig'd—Cuckoo !
 What more than two ?
 Alas 'tis true—
 Hark, she answers me—Cuckoo !

III.

In vain then do I beat my pate,
 A cuckold am I dubb'd by fate,
 Behold—here are my antlers—boo !
 Am I not right, my friend—Cuckoo !
 Then plain to view,
 My fears are true ;
 Hark, she answers me—Cuckoo !

R E C I T A T I V E.

To what humility I've buckled !
 And shall a god be made a cuckold ?

That

[11]

That Joe the shepherd, all her tone is,
He looks smooth-fac'd so like Adonis!
Then we've a serjeant brings his drums;
A sportsman too—but here she comes.

Enter Maudlin from the House.

A I R.

Venus now no more behold me,
But an humble village-dame,
Coarse and homely trappings fold me,
And mistress Maudlin is my name.

II.

Yet here no less is paid that duty,
Ever due to Venus' worth,
Not more insensible of beauty,
Than gods in heaven, are men on earth.

R E C I T A T I V E.

MAUDLIN.

Dear Mister Crump, you make me rise,
Before I scarce have clos'd my eyes.

CRUMP.

Nay, nay, 'tis not so soon, good mate.

MAUDLIN.

The serjeant kept me up so late—

GRUMP.

The serjeant! ay! ay!

MAUDLIN.

—Hey! how now?

Why, what a grumbling elf art thou?

You're

You're never easy, ill nor well ;
In heaven you thought yourself in hell.

CRUMP.

'Tis true, good wife, and now I curse
The earth, for some place ten times worse.

MAUDLIN.

I see how 'tis, it stops the breath o'me,
'Deed, Mr. Crump, you'll be the death o'me ;
Your false suspicions sink so deep in—

CRUMP.

Dear me, I've set my wife a weeping.

A I R.

When I've been working in my shop,
You many a time have seen me drop
Some water on the doubtful fire,
When I've been, &c. &c.
Which damp'd at first, more dead has grown,
But quickly, by the bellows blown,
Has chang'd from brown to dusky red,
Then brighter heat and lustre shed,
And flam'd, and sparkl'd up the higher.
Which damp'd at first, &c, &c.

II.

Thus trickling tears from you that part,
Have often damp'd my doubtful heart,
And quench'd a-while my passion's heat ;
Thus trickling tears, &c. &c.
But soon arous'd by kindling eyes,
I've felt a-new my passion rise,
While sob and sigh, sigh and sob,
Have made my bosom throb and throb,
And like sledge-hammers on it beat.
But soon arous'd, &c. &c.

MAUDLIN.

MAUDLIN.

He's off, thank heav'n, a while at least ;
Oh, how I loath the filthy beast !
Such husbands ! would the devil had 'em !
Here, Grace ! I want you.

Enter Grace from the House.

GRACE.

—Coming, Madam.

MAUDLIN.

Grace, lose no time, but instant sally
To shepherd Joe, in yonder valley ;
Tell him, I'll come to him the moment
I have eat my dinner.

GRACE.

—What a foment !
Lord, Madam, you're in such a magram !
And all for that poer tatter'd wagram !
If for the 'Squire you made a fufs,
One should not wonder !

MAUDLIN.

—Saucy pufs !
I tell you, I am set upon it ;
Go, and put on your cloak and bonnet.

A I R.

GRACE.

I'd have you to know,
Good Madam Venus,
'The difference is not so great between us:

B

Men

Men if you need 'em,
In this land of freedom,
At will, a pretty girl secures ;
And as for all your airs and graces,
If you come for to go
To talk of faces,

I fancy mine is as good as yours.
You are not with your Jupiters, Ma'am, and your Mars's,
With whom you used to play such farces ;
You are here in the region of liberty.
So let us have none of your fine commences ;
Why, surely, good Madam, you've lost your senses :
For if so much you think yourself better than me,
I'd have you to know, &c. [Exit.

RECITATIVE.

MAUDLIN.

The faucy baggage ! What a clatter !
But privy-counsellors will chatter ;
And, faith, in this my situation,
She is of service in that station :
For scarce had I been twenty hours
On earth, but lovers came in showers.

A I R.

My sporting 'Squire to keep at bay
The course I'll double over ;
While he intent
On a wrong scent,
Shall always find me stole away,
When he cries, Hark, to cover !

II.

With new-coin'd oaths, my grenadier
May think to storm and bluster,
And swear, by Mars,
My eyes are stars

Tha

That light to love : he'll soon find here
Such stuff will ne'er pass muster.

III.

Thus will I serve those I distrust,
First laugh at, then refuse 'em ;

But, Ah ! not so

The shepherd Joe ;

He like Adonis look'd, when first

I press'd him to my bosom.

[Maudlin goes into the House.

Enter 'Squire Stud, Huntsmen with dogs and a dead hare.

STUD.

Hoics, hoics, my boys ! House, house, here, hey !
Zounds ! why, they are all stolen away.

Enter Maudlin from the house.

MAUDLIN.

Not all, 'Squire ; I'm at home, at least.

STUD.

So broke the morning from the east.

MAUDLIN.

For shame !

STUD.

—What have you got to eat ?

MAUDLIN.

Who's there ? Bring hither the cold meat.

STUD.

Do, that's my hearty. And d'ye hear?
A tankard of my favourite beer.
We'll drink it as we sit in th' air.

MAUDLIN.

The morning has been pure and fair.

STUD.

As fair and lovely as your face.

MAUDLIN.

Psha! Did it prove a pleasant chase?
What stiles and ditches have you pass'd?

STUD.

I'll tell it you from first to last.

A I R.

The moment Aurora peep'd into the room,
I put on my cloaths, and I call'd for my groom:
Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the hounds,
Who, lively and mettlesome, frisk'd o'er the grounds.
And now we're all saddled, fleet Dapple and Grey,
Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, Hark away!

II.

'Twas now, by the clock, about five in the morn,
And we all gallopp'd off to the sound of the horn;
Jack Gater, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the Goose;
When, all of a sudden, out starts Mistress Puss.
Men, horses, and dogs, not a moment would stay,
And Echo was heard to cry, Hark, hark away!

III. The

III.

The course was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,
Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again;
'Till at last, she to cover return'd out of breath;
Where I, and Will Whistle, were in at the death;
Then, in triumph for you, I the hare did display,
And cry'd to the horns, my boys, hark, away.

[Exit to the house.]

Enter Grace.

MAUDLIN.

So mistress Confidence, you're there? *[To Grace.]*

GRACE.

Yes, Ma'am, I come from you know where;
How can you doat on such a clown!

MAUDLIN.

If you expect that old silk gown,
You'll change your tone—you understand me;

GRACE.

Ma'am, to be sure, if you command me;
And now I think on him again,
He is the handsomest of men,
His eyes so tender are, and bright—
Is it the blue, Ma'am, shot with white?

STUD.

Here's that, my boys, speaks all men's lingo;
Maudlin, your health—"Tis rare good flingo.
Hey, what the devil's all this drumming!

B 3

GRACE.

GRACE.

As sure as eggs the Serjeant's coming ?

Enter Serjeant Pike and Soldiers.

A I R.

PIKE.

Come all you gemmen volunteers,
Of glory who would share,
And leaving with your wives your fears,
To the drum head repair ;

Or, to the noble Serjeant Pike,
Come, come, without delay ;
You'll enter into present pay.
Come, come, the bargain strike ;
A golden guinea, and a crown,
Besides, the lord knows what, renown ;
His Majesty's the donor ;
And if you die,
Why then you lie
Stretch'd in the bed of honour.

II.

Does any 'prentice work too hard ?
Fine clothes would any wear ?
Would any one his wife discard ?
To the drum head repair,
Or to the, &c.

III. Is

III.

Is your estate put out to nurse ?
 Are you a cast off peer ?
 Have you no money in your purse,
 To the drum-head repair,
 Or to the, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

PIKE.

Bring out a flaggon of strong beer—
 What, lovely Maudlin, are you there ?
 May I ne'er conquer if I bam ye,
 You're handsomer than Venus, damme !

STUD.

Have you pretensions to that lady, Sir ?

PIKE.

For love or war, I'm always ready, Sir ?
 And, should that lady say the word,
 To answer you, I'd draw my sword.

STUD.

Damme, you'd eat it up as soon :
 Come, come, friend, you are some poltroon !

Enter

Enter Crump.

A I R.

Pike. Poltroon ! Damnation ! Zounds, unhand me ;
Either you villain, eat that word,
Or down your throat I'll cram my sword.

Squire. Put by your spit, you understand me ;
And if I do not make you roar,
Louder than e'er did calf before—

Pike. Let me come at him—blood and thunder,
Be sure you keep us both asunder.

Squire. Let me come at him, I'll soon convince him,

Pike. Damme, I'll cut him to pieces—mince him.

Squire. Coward !

Pike. —Hack him.

Squire. —Beggart !

Pike. —Hew him !

Squire. Bully !

Pike. —Tear him !

Squire. —Scoundrel !

Pike. —Stew him !

Squire. Swaggering puppy !

Pike. —Bang and beat him !

Boil him ! fry him ! roast and eat him !

Crump. I'll try to get them both well basted. [*Aside.*]

Pray let them go, this time is wasted ;

Instead of all this prittle prattle,

Let's have a good old English battle.

Squire. I'll trim your jacket, Serjeant Swagger.

Crump. Come toun a ring—

Squire. —Well, are you ready ?

Pike. I never fight before a lady ;

But if you'll meet with sword and dagger,

Or for a barrel of gunpowder,

I am your man.

Squire. —Hark, in your ear,

You'd be, I believe, a little prouder,

To have the barrel full of beer.

Pike.

Pike. Sir, I shall find a time, and soon—

Squire. Go, you're a cowardly poltroon.

Pike. Poltroon ! &c.

Crumph. See of your conduct, wife, the fruit !

Maud. Come, come, I'll finish the dispute.

Squire, do you love me ?

Squire. —Tell me, do,

If hounds the timid hare pursue ?

Maud. Then with the Serjeant, o'er a cup,

For my sake make the quarrel up.

Serjeant, d'ye love me ?

Pike. —Honour bright !

Far better than I love to fight.

Maud. Then with the Squire o'er a cup,

For my sake make this matter up.

You've said, you'll follow my commands,

Without more fuss than both shake hands.

C A T C H.

Then cease all bickering,

Pour the liquor in,

Put about the quart,

To make the quarrel up,

Drink a barrel up,

And love the better for't.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

POOR

POOR VULCAN.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Rural Prospect.

Enter Joe.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE thus a rustic swain I rove,
 I envy not the realms above ;
 What more can Jove himself bestow,
 Than what I now enjoy below ?
 Freedom to chaunt my rural strains,
 And sing my love around the plains.

A I R.

A Shepherd become, with my pipe and my crook,
 What pleasure to loiter beside the clear brook ;
 While carelessly lying,
 Fond birds round me flying,
 The sun's glowing fervor allay'd by the breeze,
 Oh ! who would forego such enjoyments as these !

II. Ye

II.

Ye roses and Woodbines, so sweetly that bloom,
 Preserve all your charms till my fairest shall come ;
 With beauty inviting,
 With fragrance delighting,
 Your brightest perfections to greet her display,
 Oh ! say 'tis for her you look lovely and gay.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Enter Maudlin.

JOE.

May hills and dales a plain appear,
 If my dear Maudlin is not here ;
 May sheep ne'er bleat, nor oxen low—

MAUDLIN.

—Nay, nay, no raptures dearest, Joe ;
 But come to me at nine at night,
 I've manag'd all things for our flight ;
 When Crump gets drunk, as soon he will,
 I easily can seize the till :
 But if I ever am forfook—

JOE.

Oh ! may I loose my pipe and crook ;
 May Cupid break his bow and quiver,
 Wither'd be grafs, dry be each river ;
 May all the sheep die with the rot,
 When Maudlin is by me forgot !

MAUD-

MAUDLIN.

I faithfully believe thee, sweeting ;
But I must go—the club is meeting.

JOE.

Ah, Maudlin, Maudlin ! that there club
Is in my way a monstrous rub ;
For Pike, and Stud, and all those fellows—
I own it makes me dev'lish jealous.

AIR in DIALOGUE.

Joe. When the serjeant, encourag'd by wine,
To your lips once presum'd to advance,
Oh ! how did I sicken and pine,
That you deign'd to bestow him a glance !
And again, when the 'squire from the chace
Returning, bestow'd you the spoil ;
From my mem'ry I cannot erase,
That the prize you repaid with a smile.

Maud. Ah, my Joey ! one day in my place,
(The truth on't you cannot gainsay)
When I sent my suivante, pretty Grace,
You kiss'd her all on the new hay ;
Nay, for selfish designs, dar'd to own,
You pretended a passion for me ;
But attractions and charms I had none,
For Grace was your favourite she.

Both. We have each other on the hip,
Be jealous then no longer :
But rather let a little slip
Tie the knot the stronger. [*Exeunt Dancing.*]

SCENE,

S C E N E II.

A Drinking-Room in the Ale-House. A large Table, Bowls, Glasses, &c. Pipes and Tobacco. Stud, Pike, Crump, Wiseman, Drub, Gauge, &c. discovered sitting at a Table.

[Loud Huzzas.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GAUGE.

Silence, order! Order, silence!
This plaguy noise is heard a mile hence. [Drinks.

GAUGE.

I knock down order. Here, Mistress Grace,
Bring t'other bowl. Come, pretty face,
Drink all our healths.

GRACE.

—No, no, dear 'squire;
My mistress, bid me, Sir, desire,
You'd presently come to her.

STUD.

Hush!
Gemmen, the bowl about let's push.
Here's love and opportunity!

PIKE.

Well, child, what says the lovely she?

C

GRACE.

GRACE.

She'll see you, Sir, after the club.

PIKE.

I'll come, and beat, love, rub-a-dub.

GAUGE.

What, going, 'squire?

STUD.

—I must be jogging.

GAUGE.

Nay, pr'ythee, toss off t'other noggin

STUD.

'Tis little hours—

GAUGE.

—But 'tis fair weather,
One crash, and we all go together.

A I R.

Gauge. Let every man now give his toast,
Fill up the glass, I'll tell you mine;
Wine is the mistress I love most,
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Wifemen

Wiseman. Well said, my lad, ne'er let it stand,
I give you Chloe, nymph divine ;
May love and wine go hand in hand,
This is my toast—now give me thine.

III.

Stud. Fill up your glasses to the brink,
Hebe let no one dare decline ;
'Twas Hebe taught me first to drink,
This is my toast—now give me thine.

IV.

Crump. Gemmen, I give my wife, dy'e see,
May all to make her blest combine ;
So she be far enough from me,
This is my toast—now give me thine.

V.

Pike. Let constant lovers at the feet
Of pale-fac'd wenches, sigh and pine,
For me, the first kind girl I meet
Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

VI.

Drub. You toast your wife, and you your lads,
My boys, and welcome, here's the wine ;
For my part, he who fills my glass
Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

VII.

Gauge. Spirit, my lads, and toast away,
 I have still one with yours to join;
 That we may have enough to pay,
 This is my toast—now give me thine.
 CHORUS, *and exeunt.*

SCENE, III.

A Gallery of Bed-Chambers.

Enter Maudlin and Grace.

GRACE.

Your orders are obey'd.

MAUDLIN.

—Already?

GRACE.

I told the 'quire—

MAUDLIN.

—Well, and what said he?

GRACE.

Why, Ma'am, he said, he'd shortly follow,
 And give his Maudlin the view-hollow.

MAUDLIN.

And pray what news from Serjeant Bluff?

GRACE.

GRACE.

When I had spoke, cries he—Enough ;
The signal is thy lady's charms,
And I'll be instant under arms !
But now, good mistress of mine,
If I may ask, What's your design ?
When you're gone off, (Lord, who can tell !)
My master may like me as well.

MAUDLIN.

Take him ; thou'rt welcome, I am sure.

GRACE.

Well, dearest me ! that will be pure !

A I R.

To shine in the bar, all drawn out in my best,
To be told I am handsome by every guest,
To be civil to all, and yet listen to none,
And when making a bill out, to score two for one !
And if told of the error, though ever so small,
Break off with—Dear me ! did not somebody call ?
Lord bless me, where are all my people hum-drum-
ming !
I must e'en go myself—Coming, coming, Sir, coming.

II.

When a company comes in, on venison to dine,
Be sure after dinner to set the best wine :
But when they, once in for't, begin to be merry,
Instead of Champagne, send up cyder or perry.
And if told of the error, &c.

III.

In short, with a pattern like you for my guide,
I shall score well, and cater, and store, and provide,
Taking care still to put something by on the shelf,
Give my master one half, and take t'other myself.
And if told of the error, &c.

[Exit.

C 3

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

MAUDLIN.

The wench will do, I see—But hark,
What noise is that!—The Squire i'th' dark.

Enter Serjeant Pike.

R E C I T A T I V E.

PIKE.

Ha! my divinity, art thou there!
Thousands of loves my hearts-ensnare;
In short, like Swedens' king at Bender,
O'ercome by numbers, I surrender.

MAUDLIN.

Well, get you into number seven—
But you'll be true.

PIKE.

—I will, by heaven!

MAUDLIN.

Do you then love to that degree?

PIKE.

I'd hang! I'd drown! I'd starve for thee!
Count all the shot that fly in battle;
Count all the strokes on drums that rattle;
Count every flash; count every pop;
Count all the groans, the wounds!—Stay, stop;
Count!—Damme, I've no more by heart!
I say, Ma'am metaphor apart,
I love you more than life, believe me.

MAUDLIN.

And will you Serjeant, ne'er deceive me?

A I R.

A I R.

PIKE.

Madam, you know, my trade is war ;
And what should I deny it for ?

I long to hack and hew ;
Yet, Madam, credit what I say,
Were I this moment call'd away,
Were all the troops drawn in array,
I'd rather stay with you.

II.

Did drums and sprightly trumpets sound,
And death and carnage stalk around ;
Did dying horses bite the ground,
And we no hope in view ;
Was the whole army lost in smoke,
Were they the last words that I spoke,
I'd say, and damme if I joke,
I'd rather stay with you.

III.

Did the foe charge us front and rear ;
Did ev'n the bravest face appear
Impress'd with signs of mortal fear ;
Though never veteran knew
So terrible and hot a fight ;
Though all my laurels it should blight,
Though I should lose so fine a fight,
I'd rather stay with you.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Joe.

R E C I T A T I V E.

MAUDLIN.

Now stir not for your life!—So—so—
What noise is that? 'Tis my sweet Joe.
Make, dearest love, what haste you're able,
And take two horses from the stable.
This key, I fancy, will unlock it,
And I've some money in my pocket.

A I R.

JOE.

What are Plutus' gilded toys,
What, compar'd to Love's rich joys!
Toys that worldly mortals prize,
Souls of finer sense despise;
Free together let us rove,
Heart for heart, and love for love.

II.

Free from tumult, frowns and strife,
Free from all that burthens life,
Blithely let us seek the plains
Where eternal pleasure reigns;
Free together let us rove,
Heart for heart, and love for love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Crump.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Here, Maudlin! Grace! what are you doing?
I'm sure there is some mischief brewing;
Upon the stairs I met the Squire,
And Grace cried—Mount, Sir, one pair higher.
Then, as below I close kept sentry,

The

The Serjeant glided through the entry.—
Was ever usage half so scurvy !
They turn my house here topsy-turvy !
I will no longer bear this raillery :
But see a light comes through the gallery.

Enter Grace.

Here Grace ; i'th' dark this hour I've grop'd,
Where is my wife ?

GRACE.

—Sir, she's elop'd.

CRUMP.

Elop'd—elop'd ! and have I then
Left gods to be thus used by men ?
Adieu, my forge, the anvil's clangor,
The red-hot iron's fiery anger !
Ye one-eyed Cyclops ! Ætna's roar !
For Vulcan's occupation is no more.

GRACE.

Lord, Sir, don't take it so to heart ;
Was I as you are, for my part,
I'd let her go for one more kinder.

CRUMP.

That's true, indeed ; but where to find her !—

GRACE.

And you don't know ? A likely story !
Sir, she I speak of stands before you.

CRUMP.

Will you then on me take compassion ?

GRACE.

GRACE.

Yes to be sure, Sir, 'tis the fashion,
When Madam such a trick has play'd,
The husband always takes the maid.

A I R.

CRUMP

Let thundering Jove lead a boisterous life,
Out-thunder'd each hour by the voice of his wife ;
Like a Harlequin, let him, disguis'd play the fool,
A swain, or a whirlwind, a crow, or a bull ;
Of such shifts in no need, of no wife's tongue afraid,
Hereafter, I mean to take up with my maid.

II.

Henceforth, then my wife may parade through the skies,
Like nymphs in the Strand to pick up some new prize.
Of Mars and Adonis and Jove at the call.
For now, thank my stars, I have done with them all.
Of your tricks and your fancies no longer afraid,
Good night, all ye gods!—I'll to bed with my maid.

*[As he is going towards a chamber with Grace,
a clap of thunder is heard.]*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Why, what the devil's this I wonder ? [Thunders.]
Nearer and nearer comes the thunder,
Some plot against me I'll lay odds !

S C E N E *the last.*

*Changes to the Saloon, where all the Gods and Goddesses
are discovered.*

CRUMP.

My rib again, by all the gods !

G O D S *and* G O D D E S S E S.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!—

CRUMP.

CRUMP.

—I smell a rat,
A pretty game they have been at !

JUPITER.

How, master Crump ! What don't you know,
Your old friends, Serjeant Pike and Joe ?
Squire Stud, Ned Gauge, and Master Drub,
And all the good folks of the club ?

VULCAN.

I've nothing for't, but brazen't out ! *[Aside.]*

MARS.

Come, come, old boy, you must not pout ;
'Tis over now ; but prythee, tell us,
Was you not most confounded jealous ?
Did we not finely fret and stew you ?

VULCAN.

Ha, ha, ha, by the lord I knew you !

JUPITER.

Well done, old Vulcan, not to flatter,
You put a good face on the matter :
Then what was meant well, well receive,
To men, through you, advice we give ;
This little frolic was design'd,
A wholesome lesson for mankind,

F I N A L E.

Cho. Then be content, ye mortal race,
Nor wish to change, nor fate, nor place ;
You must of good and ill have share,
And nature's nature every where.

Jup.

Jup. Once on a time, when men complain'd
 They were with ills too tightly strain'd ;
 I publish'd in a certain town,
 That each might lay his burden down,
 And take up that, more to his mind,
 Some other mortals left behind.
 When soon (to see the ways of men)
 Each begg'd to have his own again.
Cho. Then be content, &c.

Mars. I heard you once the tale relate,
 A son took up his dad's estate ;
 But when the youngster had found out
 The packet held old age, the gout,
 The rheumatism and the stone,
 He quickly begg'd to have his own ;
 And swore he'd never ask for wealth,
 So he might have again his health.
Cho. Then be content, &c.

Venus. A lady too, who at a rout,
 (Dire chance !) had dropp'd her false teeth out,
 O'erwhelm'd with shame, soon chang'd her lot,
 With the poor inmate of a cot ;
 But when she found, on a straw bed,
 She must repose, and eat brown bread,
 Wear a plain coiff, and russet gown,
 She wanted false teeth, and the town.

CHORUS.

Then be content, &c.



F I N I S.

